

and even large pieces of kelp have often deceived lookouts who found too late that they had, so to speak, cried wolf when no wolf existed. Moreover, within the memory of none of us had any man been thus adrift on bay ice. The chances were one in a thousand that I should be seen at all, and infinitely greater that if seen I should be mistaken for some piece of refuse.

To keep from freezing, I cut my long moccasins down to the feet, split each of the legs, and with some line fashioned a kind of jacket to protect my back from the wind. Just then I saw my komatik disappear through the ice, which was every minute loosening up into the small pans of which it consisted. It seemed the very last tie with home and safety.

By midday I had passed the island and was moving out into the ever widening bay. There was now three to five miles of ice between me and the north side of the bay; so there was no hope of being picked up that day.

Dogs Had to Go

I DARED scarcely move for fear of breaking the pan; yet I realized that if I was to live the night out I must have covering, and only the skins of some of my dogs afforded that.

So, unwinding the sealskin traces from my waist, where I had wound them to prevent the dogs eating them, I made a slipknot and passed it over the first dog's head, tied it to my foot close to his neck, threw him on his back, and stabbed him in the heart. Poor beast! He was a beautiful dog, and I loved him as a friend. In this way I sacrificed two other large dogs. Twice they bit me; but there was very little hope that any of us could survive, and it seemed better to die fighting. Indeed, I came to weigh in my mind whether, if once I passed into the open sea, it would not be better by far to use my faithful knife on myself than to die by inches. There seemed no horror whatever in the thought.

Working, however, saved me from philosophizing. By the time I had skinned the dogs and strung the skins together with some rope unraveled from the harness, I was ten miles on my way, and it was getting dark. Away to the northward I could see a single light in the little village where I had slept the night before, and the peaceful little schoolhouse on the hill where many times I had gathered the people for prayers. I had frayed some rope into oakum, and mixed it with fat from the intestines of the dogs; but my matchbox had leaked, and the contents were nothing but a pulpy mass. Had I been able to make a light, I felt sure I should be seen. I kept the matches, hoping that I might dry them if I lived through the night. While working at the dogs, about every five minutes I would stand up and wave my hands toward the land. I could not spare my shirt to use as a signal flag; for, wet as it was, it was still a protection from the freezing wind.

Not daring to take any snow from the surface of the pan to break the wind with, I piled up the carcasses of the dogs. Moreover, I could sit down on the skin rug without getting soaked. During these hours I had continually taken off all my clothes, wrung them out, swung them in the wind, and put on first one then the other inside, hoping that what heat there was in my body would dry them. In this I had been fairly successful.

Fixing a Costume

MY feet gave me the most trouble; for they immediately got wet again on account of my thin moccasins being easily soaked through on the snow. Suddenly I thought of the way that the Laps who tend our reindeer manage to dry their socks. They carry grass with them, which they ravel up and put into their shoes. Then they put in their feet, and pack them round with more grass, tying up the top with a binder.

So I had soon ripped up the flannel used to cover the dog harness, raveled out the rope, and stuffed my shoes, using the wet socks outside to break the wind. Then, tying the narrow strips of flannel together, I bound up the tops of the moccasins, Lap fashion, and carried the bandage up over my knee, making a ragged though excellent puttee.

As to the garments I wore: I had recently opened an old box of football garments, and found my Oxford University running shorts, and a pair of Richmond Football Club red, yellow, and black stockings, exactly as I wore them twenty years before. These, with a flannel shirt and sweater, were all I now had left, and thus I stood there in that odd costume, exactly, except for the queer footwear, as I had stood on the football field.

My occupation till what seemed like midnight was unraveling rope, and with this I padded out my knickers and shirt inside. Now, calling my largest dog, which was as big as a wolf and weighed ninety-two pounds, I made him lie down so that I could

snuggle up against him. I then piled the three skins so that I could lie on one edge while the other just came over my shoulders and head, and was soon fast asleep. But I had carelessly left one hand exposed, and before long awoke to find it frosted. I thought the sun was just rising. It was the moon, and then I knew it was about twelve-thirty. The dog hadn't been cuddled so warm all winter, and he resented my moving with low growls, until he discovered that the offender was not another dog.

The wind was steadily driving me toward the open sea, and I could expect, short of a miracle, nothing but death out there. Somehow, one scarcely feels justified in praying for a miracle; but we have learned down here to pray for the things we want. And anyhow, just at that moment the miracle occurred. The wind fell off suddenly, and, shifting south, soon dropped stark calm. I was now buoyed with hope that at daylight I might be opposite a village known as Goose Cove, and that, as the komatiks would be starting at daybreak for a parade of Orangemen twenty miles away, I might be discovered by some of them as they climbed the hills. So I lay down and went to sleep again. It seems impossible to say how long one sleeps.

Rigging Up a Flag

I AWOKE from my second nap with the sudden thought that I must have a flag. So I got to work at once in the dark to disarticulate the legs of my dead dogs, which were now frozen stiff and offered the only possible substitute wherefrom to wave a flag. Cold as it was, I determined to sacrifice my shirt for that purpose with the first streak of daylight. It took a long time to get the legs off, and when I had patiently marled them together with the old harness rope it was the crookedest and most ludicrous flagstaff I shall ever see.

At last the sun rose, and I stripped and tied my shirt to the dogs' legs. Then I reformed the skins with the raw side out, so that they made a kind of coat. But with the rising of the sun the frost came

I should have to laugh at myself standing hour after hour waving my shirt at those lofty cliffs, which seemed to assume a kind of sardonic grin so that I could almost imagine they were laughing at me. I could not help thinking of the good breakfast my colleagues were enjoying at the back of those same cliffs, and of the snug fire and comfortable room we call our study.

The Stress of Hunger

I HAD had no food since six o'clock the morning before, when I ate porridge and bread and butter. However, I had been using a rubber band in place of one of my garters, and had been chewing that for the twenty-four hours I had been out. It saved me from hunger and thirst, oddly enough. This was a great blessing, as I could not drink from the ice of the pan, as it was a slushy mixture with salt water. But one's appetite will come up, and at midday I decided, if there was no hope of a speedy rescue before long, to kill a big Eskimo dog and drink its blood, as I had read of in a book by Dr. Nansen.

It was a perfect morning: a cobalt sky and an ultramarine sea, a golden sun and an almost wasteful extravagance of crimson pouring over hills of purest snow, which caught and reflected its glories from every peak and crag. Between me and their feet lay miles of rough ice, and then the border of the black slob formed during the night. Lastly was my poor gruesome pan for the foreground, bobbing up and down on the edge of the open sea, stained with blood, carcasses, and debris. It was smaller than the last night; for the edges had been beating against the surrounding ice and worn away, and I noticed that the new ice from the water melted under the dogs' bodies had also been formed at the expense of its thickness. Five dogs and myself in colored football costume and a bloody dogskin coat, with a gray flannel shirt on a pole of frozen dogs' legs, completed the picture.

As the sun rose higher and hotter I began to look longingly at one of my remaining dogs. Appetite made me think of fire; and I looked at my matches. Alas! the heads had been soaked off all but three, and these were in a paste. I laid them out to dry, and then searched for a bit of transparent ice wherewith to make a burning glass. The unraveled tow in my garments and the fat of the dogs would make smoke enough to be seen if only I could strike a light.

To the Rescue

I HAD found a piece that might serve my need, and stopped to wave my flag, which I did every few minutes, when I thought I saw the flash of an oar. It did not seem possible, however; for it was not water that lay between me and the land, but slob ice, which was dense and heavy for a mile or two. Even if people had seen me, I did not think rescuers could get through, though I knew the whole populace would be trying. Moreover, there was no smoke rising on the land to give me hope; there had been no gun flashes in the night; and I felt that had anyone seen me there would have been a bonfire on every hill to encourage me to keep going. So I gave it up and went on with the work.

But the next time I went back to my flag the oar flash seemed very distinct, and though it disappeared at times as I rose and fell on the surface, I kept my eyes trained and strained upon it; for I was already partially snow blind through loss of my dark spectacles. I waved the flag as high as I could raise it, with broadside on. At last beside the glitter of the oar I made out the black speck of hull. I knew then I was saved, if only the pan would hold together for another hour.

Then with that strange perversity of human intellect I questioned what trophies I could carry with my luggage from the pan. I pictured the dog bone flagstaff adorning my study; but the dogs destroyed this picture by eating it. Next I thought of preserving my ragged puttee in my museum.

I could see that my rescuers were frantically waving to me, and when they came within hearing one shouted,

"Don't get excited! Keep on the pan where you are!"

They were infinitely more excited than I. Already it seemed to me just as natural to be saved, as half an hour before it seemed inevitable that I should be lost. Had my rescuers only known, as I did, the sensations of a bath in that ice when one could not dry himself afterward, they would not have expected me to follow in the wake of the Apostle Peter and throw myself into the water.

At last the boat came up to my pan. A warm handshake all around and a warm cup of tea inside, which had thoughtfully been packed in a kettle, and we hoisted in my remaining dogs, and started back. Even then a change of wind might have penned the boat with ice, which would have cost us dearly. There were not only five Newfoundland fishermen at the oars, but five men with Newfound-

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"Don't Get Excited! Keep on the Pan Where You Are!"

out of the joints of the legs, and made my flagpole almost tie itself in knots. Still I could raise it three or four feet above my head, which seemed very important.

It was impossible to wave so heavy a flag all the time, and yet I dared not sit down; for that might be the exact moment some one would be in position to see me from the hills. The only thing on my mind was how long I could stand up and go on waving that pole at the cliffs. Once or twice I thought I saw men against their snowy faces, which I judged were five and a half miles from me. Then I thought I saw a boat approaching. A glittering object kept appearing and disappearing on the water; but it was only a small piece of ice sparkling in the sun.

I could not help feeling even then my ludicrous position, and thought that if I ever got ashore again